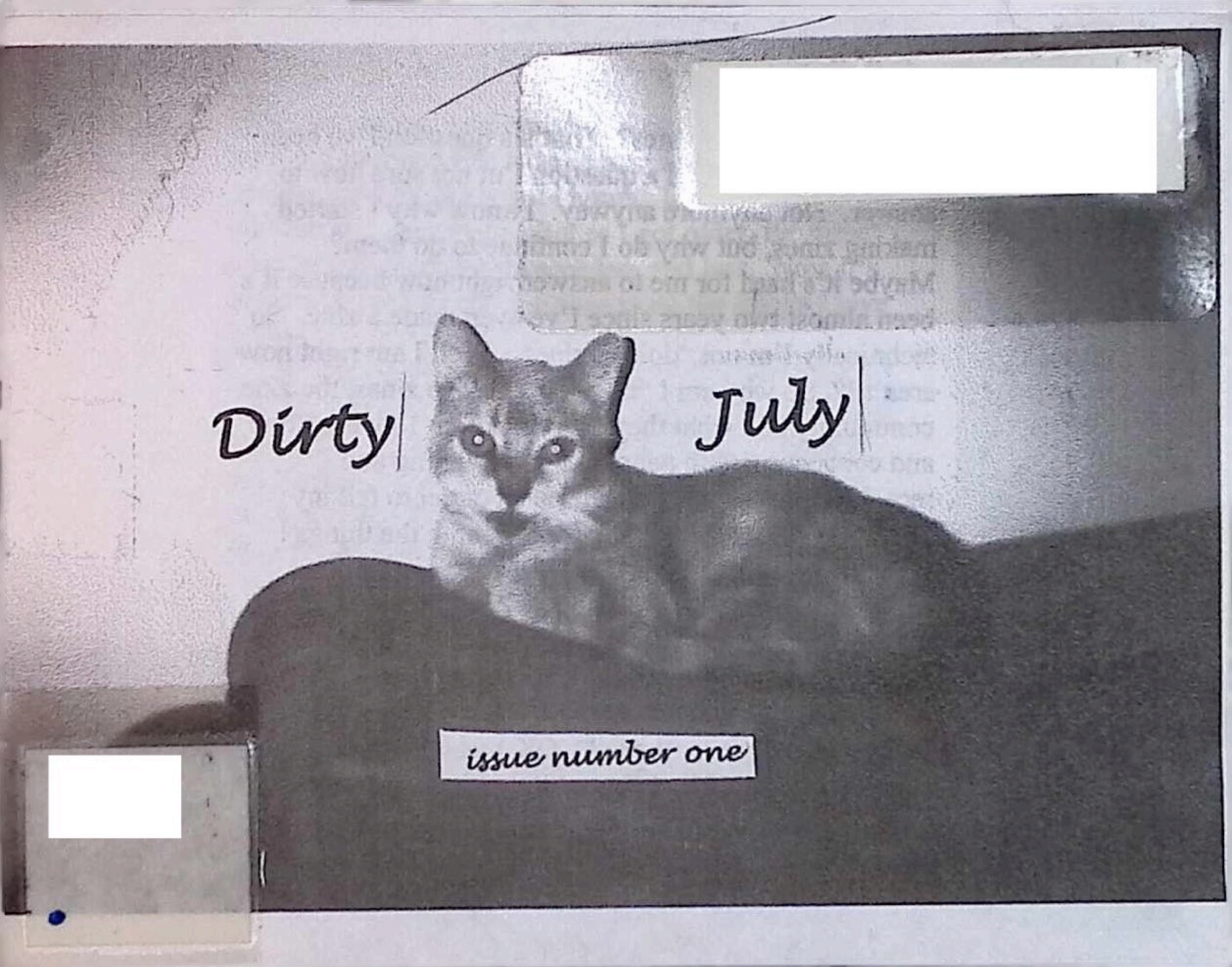
Dirty July



issue number one

So why do you do zines? That's a question I've been seeing a lot lately and a question I'm not sure how to answer. Not anymore anyway. I know why I started making zines, but why do I continue to do them? Maybe it's hard for me to answer right now because it's been almost two years since I've even made a zine. So technically I'm not "doing" zines. Well I am right now aren't I? So why am I "doing" it? I love zines, the zine community and what they / it stands for. I love writing and connecting with people. I love sending and receiving mail. I use my zine as an outlet to tell my "story" as therapy, as a way to talk about the things I love and the things that bother me. I use it for a creative outlet. I need art in my life. Creativity is running through my blood. I love everything about zines and the zine community and that's why I continue to be a part of it.

So how did I get to "here?" OK I was introduced to zines when I was 15. I started Rebel in Magenta in 1996. This became my main zine / pride and joy for 8 years. When I was in high school it was so much easier

to put out a zine every month – every other month. You had so much free time. I spent a lot of my time writing for it during school hours. In study hall, etc. It was fun and easy to do. But as I got older, the "free" time for zine making became less and less. Now it's extremely hard to find the time to do the things I love (write).

I'm 27 now. I'm starting to feel old, yet I still don't want to be. I'm a mother now (since March '05) and that definitely takes up 100% of my time. I love it though and wouldn't change it for the world. I miss making zines on a regular basis. I know I will never fully stop making them (not anytime soon, for sure!!). I'm not sure if I'll still be doing them when I'm 50, but I know I want to continue doing them for a long time. Well it's been two years. Here's my "come back" issue. My "new beginning."

It's a new era, a new zine, with a new name. Let's see what happens!!

Peace,
Melanie

[redacted]

Becoming a parent part 1- (The pregnancy):

So a lot has happened since the last time we met, but only one HUGE thing worth talking about!
The last zine I had made was put out nearly two years ago and was entirely about the miscarriage I had suffered. I received so much positive feedback about it and I am so glad that I made it. The funny thing is, the same month I released a zine about a miscarriage, I found out I was pregnant again.
The first time around I was extremely happy and excited, but this time I was just scared. I didn't want what happened the first time, to happen again.
So throughout the entire pregnancy I was worried. How was I to know this time would be different? I became pregnant only four months after I had lost the first one. I just didn't know what to expect. However, I had a perfect pregnancy. No complications at all. It was amazing. Even with all the stress I was putting myself through, nothing was wrong. Sure I had the morning sickness and indigestion, and gained lots of weight, but all that is normal and expected. I even had the cramping where I couldn't stand for more than 15 minutes without being in severe pain, but that too is expected when my body wasn't used to carrying all that extra weight around.

Everything was great. So I had nothing to worry about. We decided to not find out the sex of the baby until he / she was born. It added to the excitement of it all. I tried to guess using my *motherly instinct*, but I had no idea. Some said I was having a girl and others claimed it was a boy due to the way I was carrying, but nobody really knew. The only person that knew, was *that* little being growing inside of me. My due date was March 29th and I kept having that feeling I was going to go into labor early. I was convinced it would happen two weeks early, but of course that was not the case.

***The following are entries from my Livejournal from before and after the birth. I apologize in advance for any grammar or spelling errors. Everything was written in a hurry and I just copied them 'as is.' ***

My last journal entries before I was in and out of the hospital...

March 25, 2005-

Just to let you know- if I don't update for a few days (longer than usual *LOL*) it's because I have gone into labor and had

my baby. I can pretty much have him / her any day now. My "ultrasound due date" was last Tuesday but my actual due date (based on last period) is this coming Tuesday. Yes I AM DUE IN FOUR DAYS!!!!!!! So any day now the little one will be here.
At my last midwife appointment I was dilated ONE! So it's slowly getting there!! I'm definitely getting more and more anxious and nervous. I just want to get this pregnancy over with!! :)
Last night I went out Karaoking with Katie and Laura. While I was there I noticed slight "bloody show" and today I had a glob of it so I'm thinking it's definitely going to be soon. My Grandma and Katie's mom both think I'm going to have the baby today (I'm thinking a little late for that now) because there is a full moon! Everyone else keeps saying I'm going to have an Easter Baby. Who knows.
Only this baby knows when he/she is going to be born!!

March 26, 2005-
I'm still waiting...(LOL)

My first journal entry after giving birth....

April 5, 2005-

It's so good to finally be out of that hospital. We were there three times in two days. It was horrible. I started feeling contractions on Tuesday so we went to the hospital. Only to later be sent home. I was still only dilated one and things just were moving too slow to keep me there, but they knew I'd be back soon. Later that night the contractions were getting worse. I was crying and just couldn't handle it so we ended up going back around 5:00am only to be sent home again later that afternoon. This time however I was dilated two. So that was at least a good sign that things were moving along. It was horrible. I was beginning to think I just had no idea what was going on with my body/ this pregnancy. I couldn't handle the contractions of early labor and had no idea how I would handle the real thing. This time when they sent me home they told me to take tylenol and soak in the tub to help with the pains of the contractions. Well I did that. They also told me to rest/ sleep. I tried that too. Nothing worked. The soak, the tylenol, I couldn't sleep. The contractions were about five minutes apart so if I slept any it was only for five minutes at a

time. Finally things got worse. I couldn't even sit down it hurt so bad. I kept trying to pee thinking that I had to, but the pain was just too much. I was crying. I told Nate I think we had to go back to the hospital only I was afraid to, because I didn't want to be sent home for a third time and neither did he. So I called the hospital and told them I couldn't handle the contractions and I tried all their pain relieving techinics and nothing worked. I told them I didn't want to be sent home again, but I really thought I needed to be there. So around 12:30am Wednesday night we went back to the hospital. Thank God, this was it. I was dilated five and the baby had moved down. I was finally on the road to delivery! They gave me some pain medication which helped me rest and in the morning I was dilated seven. This time they gave me an epidural. I wasn't sure if I wanted one do to things I have heard, but I felt it was necessary by this point. It definitely helped with the contractions. They had to break my water. THe epidural ran out about a half hour before I had to push. A little after noon the pushing began and finally at 2:11pm I gave birth to a baby girl weighing 6 lbs 13 oz and 19 1/2 inches long. It was definitely hard work but damn well worth it! She is just so damn adorable! It took a while to settle on a name, but on Saturday her full name was agreed upon- Hanna

Elizabeth. We were supposed to come home on Saturday but Hanna was having problems with the breastfeeding and she didn't pee until she was a day and a half old and didn't poop until Sunday evening!! Finally Monday around 12:15 we were able to come home. ANd believe me it feels so damn good to be back after being in that damn hospital for almost a week straight. So now the fun begins...

Becoming a parent part 2- {Breastfeeding}:

There wasn't really any discussion for me to make my decision on breastfeeding. It was really, in my mind, my only option. It just seemed like the right thing to do. My mom had nursed both of her kids, so maybe I was influenced some by that. Either way, I never second guessed it. Not until I actually had to do it.
After Hanna was born and it was time to do the first feeding, things seemed to be going OK. The nurses were there to help show me what to do and I thought we were doing it. I however was just getting sore, which I thought was normal for first timers. Hanna seemed like she was latching on right

and acted like she was eating. It turned out, she wasn't. The nurses were coming in every so often to check Hanna and weigh her. Her weight was going down, more than it should have. The nurses and doctor were all concerned.

We were scheduled to go home Saturday, but then they tell me not until Sunday so they could monitor the feedings / Hanna's weight. They knew she wasn't eating because she also had not gone to the bathroom since birth. I was getting worried. I would sit in my hospital room and cry. The nurses would come in to check on us and force me to order that nasty hospital food and make me feel worse than I already did. They made me feel like I was a horrible mother. Not all of them, but the ones on day shift. I would just cry and get mouthy with them. I didn't need to put up with that. I was already emotional anyway from the birth experience, I didn't need them adding to it. It wasn't even my fault. Hanna would put her tongue up to block anything from going down her throat.

The nurses thought at first that Hanna had a sore throat from being suctioned out at birth, but the doctor didn't notice any redness in her throat, so he disagreed. Still, I was very upset.

Sunday came and Sunday went. I thought this time we could leave because Friday night Hanna had her first wet diaper and I was very excited!! But we were still not able to leave (well technically I was discharged on Saturday but I needed to still be there regardless.). We had to stay an extra day to wait for that first poopy diaper to come.

I did get the chance to leave the hospital a few times on Sunday to go home and shower and just get out of there away from the nurses and all their emotional abuse. It felt good. (Hanna had to stay with the nurses while we were gone though. The poor thing.)

Finally Sunday night Hanna made me the happiest person in the world to ever see a diaper full of poo!! And I knew we would finally be able to get out of that damn place.

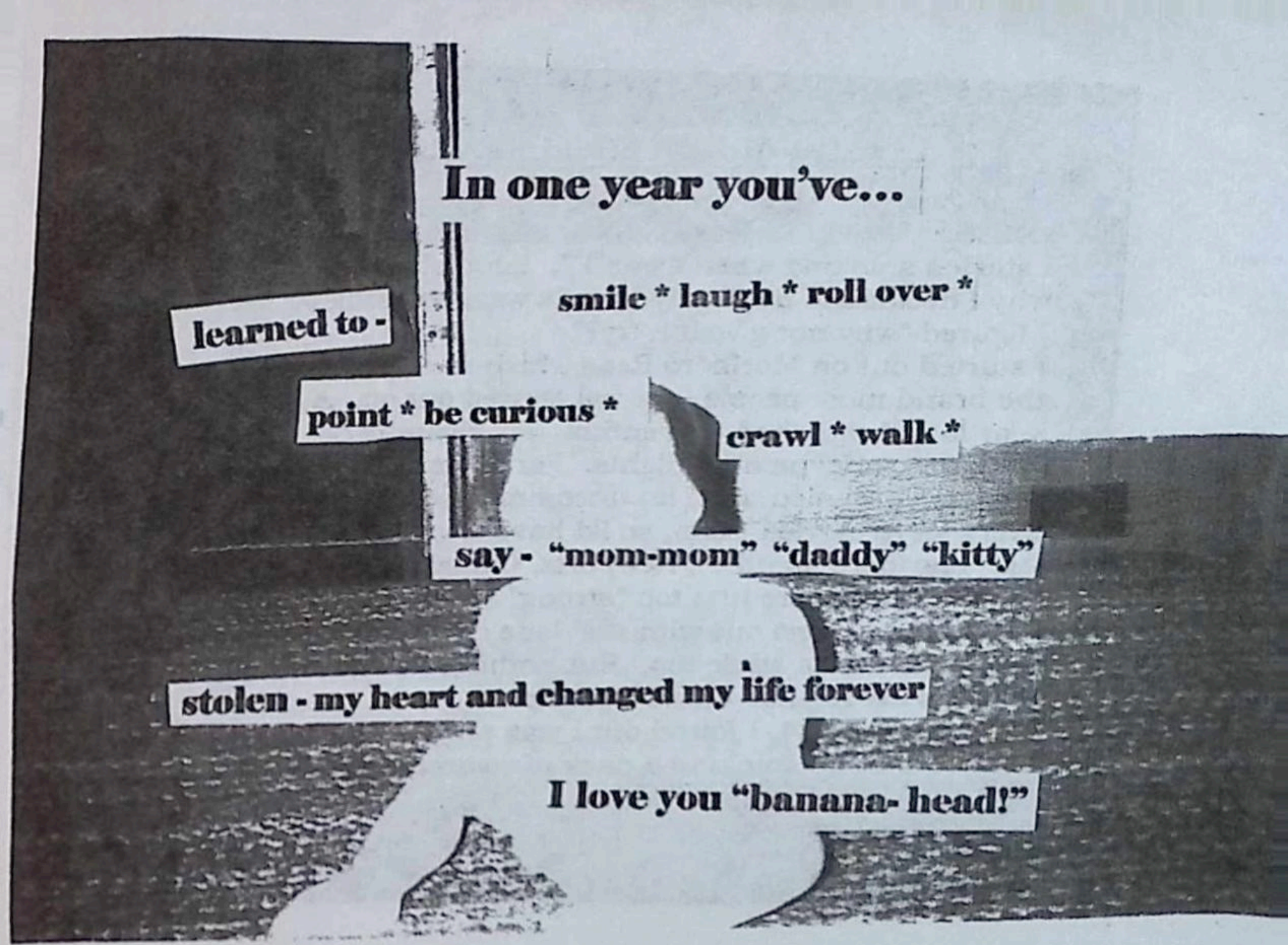
After Hanna's first day home, we had an in-home check up from one of the nurses. And to everyone's surprise Hanna had gained two ounces since leaving the hospital. I knew deep down inside that all we needed to do was get out of that place, into our own environment and then things would be just fine.

Hanna had her first doctor's appointment two weeks after birth. Usually at the two week check up babies are back up to

their birth weight, but not Hanna. She had gained a pound !! And this is the girl that wouldn't eat! I was just the proudest mama! I knew she could do it! But it wasn't all easy at home either.

The first day being home, I was trying to feed her while my mom was over. I was sitting on the couch and crying as we attempted the feeding. It hurt so bad that I just wanted to quit. I didn't want to breastfeed anymore. I just couldn't handle it. My mom wouldn't let me quit. She made me keep going. She said, soon enough the nipples would heal and it wouldn't hurt to nurse anymore. And that is what kept me going. And believe me, I am so glad I did.

Hanna will be a year old on March 31st. Two weeks from writing this. And we are still nursing. My goal was to breastfeed her until a year old. So we'll see how much longer we do it. I'm not sure if she'll want to stop! LOL


In one year you've...
learned to -
smile * laugh * roll over *
point * be curious *
crawl * walk *
say - "mom-mom" "daddy" "kitty"
stolen - my heart and changed my life forever
I love you "banana- head!"

I really did it this time...

I started smoking when I was 17. I don't know why I decided to do it. My friends were smoking so I figured "why not give it a try?"
I started out on Marlboro Reds which seems like the brand most people (I know) started out on. A year later I switched to menthol. My cigarette of choice = camel menthol lights. For some reason my brand seemed to be an uncommon one. Not every store carried them, so I'd have to switch it up. Marlboro Menthol, Newports, Camel Menthol Filters (those were just too "strong" for my liking), later Camel came out with the Jade cigarettes so I tried those for a while too. But nothing was as good as my regular brand of choice.
In January 2004, I found out I was pregnant. At this time I was smoking a pack of cigarettes a day.

I knew I needed to quit, but figured it would be hard. So I switched from menthol to non-menthol = Marlboro lights. And cut way down on my smoking. At most it was three cigarettes a day and then after two weeks from finding out I was pregnant, I had completely quit.

Two months later, I suffered a miscarriage. And then a month after that it was the "occasional" cigarette which then led to every day smoking. I was smoking about 7- 10 cigarettes a day. But then came July.

July 2004, I found out I was pregnant again. And I knew I had to quit smoking again. This time was easy. Just two days after the pregnancy confirmation I quit. And it stuck.

I have not smoked a cigarette since July '04!!

How I quit smoking... (in 3 easy steps!)

First, you have to be female, sorry guys! But maybe in the future it can work for you too.
2nd- Find a man (or some other method of getting yourself some sperm).
3rd- get busy!!
If the timings right, within a month you should find out you're pregnant! And that my friend, should be the one push you need to make yourself quit. Easy as pie!!

Disclaimer- My method is not 100% successful so it might not work for you. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WORN YOU!!!!

A friend of mine told me the other day "every time I see you, you're always organizing things."
I thought this was odd. Odd- because it's so true, yet I never realized it.
It seems like all I ever do is organize organize organize! I'm constantly going through the same stacks, the same boxes, the same drawers over and over trying to sort through the "mess", trying to rid things. I subconsciously organize my life, yet in reality I feel very unorganized with all my clutter.
I told this friend "I think I have some form of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder."
Not only do I organize my own mess, but I also notice if something has been moved by someone else. I'll quickly move it back to where it "belonged". My boyfriend gets annoyed by this, but he just makes jokes about it. He's definitely my opposite when it comes to organization! I sometimes get annoyed by that, but we're in love so we deal with it!!
(12.05.04)

Sometimes things just get lost...

A while ago I ordered a zine. I waited months and nothing ever came. So I decided to email the maker to see what was up (i.e. a delay in mailing due to whatever, or maybe the order got lost in the mail). I mentioned these ideas and the next day, she emailed back. She didn't remember getting my order, but she'd check her records to see for sure. She then went on to say that she felt really bad and would send the zines anyway. Now I thought this was really nice of her. She didn't have to do that at all. Especially if in fact my order did get lost somewhere in "mail land." That was in no way her fault. So I quickly emailed her back, thanked her and gave her my address (to make sure she had it) and then there was nothing. No email back saying she doubled checked and found no order // no zines in the mail. I was crushed. I thought the girl seemed really sweet for her gesture and then she takes it

back. She didn't have to tell me she'd send the zines all she had to do is say she never received my order and that would be that. I don't know why I think about this or why I'm still bothered by it. I don't even remember when this happened. Maybe a year ago. I know things happen and things get lost in the mail (hell it's happened to me more than once!!). But still, this was just wrong misleading me like that. I never emailed her again after my first response back. I just let it be. Because really, it's not that big of a deal.

Things I love (from A to Z):

Aromatherapy + Bedtime + Celebrity gossip + Dancing to the 80's + Eating Subway + Family Guy + Getting Mail + Hanna + Iron Chef America + July at the Ledge's (Nelson Ledge's Quarry Park) + Karaoke nights + Livejournal + Making lists + Nate + Organization + Playing Nintendo / Super NES + Questioning everything + Reading zines + Scrap booking + Tattoos + Understanding + Vh1 Classic's "Alternative" video block + Watching the news + the letter X + You + Zines !!

***And now just for fun is what I like to call "Melanie's recommendations!!" *'**

I'm not going to lie, I love to watch television. And I watch plenty!! Here's a sample of my favorite programming-

① Veronica Mars
② Girlfriends

③ Dog, the Bounty Hunter
④ all the news networks
⑤ All My Children / One Life to Live / Days of Our Lives

A few of my favorite bands-

① My Chemical Romance
② Depeche Mode
③ Hole
④ Ekoostik Hookah
⑤ David Bowie
⑥ Pop Will Eat Itself

OK so I have a big pile of zines lying around waiting to be read. I'm slowly working on it, so this is just a small list of the ones I have recently read and I highly recommend them-

① 28 Pages Lovingly Bound with Twine #13 (Christoph)
② A Million Birthdays #6 (Kathee)
③ Artichoke #8 (Kate)
④ Clara Marie Candycane and Me (Miranda),
⑤ Nine and a Half Left #10 (Mike)
⑥ the Pleiades #13 (Miranda)
⑦ Pretending it's the 80's (Stephanie)
⑧ ZuZu and the Baby Catcher #11 (Rhonda Baker)

"Dirty July". What does it mean?
It means summer when it rains and you're walking through the mud in sandals. Mud squishing between your toes.
It means swimming and having sand get into your bathing suit.
Sweat. Sweet sweat pouring down your body as you walk under the hot sun.
It means the month when I became pregnant for the second time. And the one that became.
It just means summer time fun. I love the month of July. I love camping and being able to stay up late while the sun hangs around just a little bit longer. I love when it rains. The first smell of rain as it hits the concrete. The thunderstorms and standing underneath the downpour. It just feels so darn good.
But is also means death. The death of a best friend in 1995 of cancer. And still not letting her go. Wondering what she'd be doing today if she were still alive. It's about missing her. Missing other people gone. It's about fireworks. And remembering all the good times we shared. It's about memories. Only the good ones worth thinking about. It's about life and death. Good and bad. Night and day. It's just about living and being happy.
"Dirty July" that's what it means to me.

Thanks for reading! Please keep in touch. I love mail & do write back!

other available zines:

I Want My Baby (the miscarriage zine)- 1/8 size, mini zine all about the miscarriage I suffered in Mar. '04. Very personal & emotional. Cost= 50 cents & stamp / $1

Those comp zines I've been working on since 1999 should be out this year as well. More info can be found on the rebelinmagenta livejournal when available.

this issue costs: ONE DOLLAR or (pre arranged) TRADE

made between: January & March 2006

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order tracking / info/ updates can be found here-

www.rebelinmagenta.livejournal.com

UNTIL NEXT TIME...

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26/100 – 1st printing